HVNNIES RECREATIONS:

Conteining foure godlie and compendious discourses, intituled

Adams Banishment.
Christ his Crib.
The lost Sheepe.
The complaint of old Age.

Whereunto is newly adioyned these two notable and *pithie Treatises:*

The Creation or first Weeke.
The life and death of Ioseph.

Compiled by William Hunnis, *one of the Gentlemen of her Maiesties chappel, and maister to the children of the same.*

Printed by P. S. for W. Iaggard, *and are to be sold at his* shoppe at the east end of S. Dunstons church.

1595.

The Muſe to hir Author.

W WHy feareſt thou this gift to giue,
though gift of giſts be ſmall?
I If loue and zeale thy gift ſurmount,
No cauſe of feare at all.
LL Let loue with guiſt the triall make,
and ſo it ſhall appeare,
I If troth be foreman of the queſt,
with loue it paſſeth cleere.
A And wey to whom the gift is giuen,
ſuch one as loue doth hold,
M More deere than gem of richeſt price
or wall of beaten gold.

H HVmble thy ſelfe in awfull ſort,
and doubtleſſe thou ſhalt find:
V Vnto thy choiſe a patron ſuch
to thy deſired mind.
N Now fare thou well be of good cheer
bluſh not, ne be afraid,
N Nor care for frowne of frumping ſort
remember what is ſaid.
I It may ſo fall (yer it be long)
I will be heere with ſpeed:
S Such thing to bring as beſt ſhall fit,
thine humour for to feed.

To the right Honourable sir *Thomas Heneage knight*, *one of* hir Maiesties priuy counsel, Vize-*chamberlen to hir Highnesse*, *and* tresuror of hir Maiesties cham-*ber*, *prosperous health*, *long life*, with much increase of honor.

Where spring is small, great streams may not be had,
Yet as it is, doe make the owner glad,
Lone me compels, a cup thereof to bring:
If honor please, to tast of this poore spring,
And dip your lip, a little in the same,
My ioy were great, though boldnesse merit blame.

Heere I present vnto your honors view,
Vntimely fruit, as in my orchard grew,
No better choise therein that I could find,
Nor other thing that fitted to my mind,
In better yeare some better fruit may grow,
Such as shall be are yours, my selfe also.

The Creation of *the World.*

How Heauen and earth the light and skie
The Sun, the Moone, and starres sohie:
How beasts and fowles, how Fish & Man
Created was of God, and whan.

The worke of the first day.

WHē God which no beginning had,
the heauen & earth gan frame,
And void and emptie it beheld,
with darkenesse on the same.
And on the waters which he made,
that then aloft did stand,
And ouerwhelm'd the earth so farre,
as yet appeard no land: (forth
Then at his word there light came
diuided from the shade:
And so the Euening and the morne,
by him one day was made.

The spirit
God moue
on the wat

God saw th
the light w
good did c
the light da
and the day
night.
The light w
made before
the sunne o
moone was
created.

The worke of the second day.

THe firmament he framd and fix
betweene the waters so,
As part aboue* the same did rest,
the other part * below.
5 And gaue a name therto, and said
it heauen * shall called be:
The euening and the morning eke
the second day you see.

The worke of the third day.

THe third day at his holy hest,
the waters vnderneath
Compelled were togither goe,
in one place of the earth.
7 And then the land appeared dry,
which * Earth was called tho,
And bad it should bring forth gre
ingendring seed to gro. (*he
8 And fruitful trees of sundry sort
that seed might still retaine,
And bring forth fruit ech after ki
that on the earth remaine.

The water in the clouds.
b The waters of the sea & rauers.
c That is, the region of the ayre and all that is aboue vs.
d God calleth the dry land the earth, & the gathering togither of waters, called the sea.
The earth at the bid-ding of God brought forth trees, grasse, and hearb: & hearb & trees brought forth their fruite each in their land, before the sun, moon and starres was created.

9 Th

9 Thus eu'ry thing came ſo to paſſe,
as God before did ſay: (fruit,
The earth brought herb & tree with
that ſtill engender may.

The worke of the fourth day.

ANd that there ſhuld a diff'rẽce be,
betweene the daies and nights,
God bad that in the firmament,
there ſhould be placed * lights.
11 which ſhuld remain frõ tim to time
appointed ſignes to be,
As day from day, and yeare from year
in order as we ſee:
12 The ſun he made the day to rule,
the moone the night to guide,
And ſhining ſtarres in heauen he ſet,
whoſe light doth aye abide.

These ligh were the ſ moon & ſt

The worke of the fift day.

THis mightie maker then gan ſay,
let waters now forth bring,
Such * creaturs as with life may moue
and fowle to fly with wing.

a Both fi and fowle one begin wherin we that natu giueth pl to Gods n the oue m to fly, the ſtar to ſw

14 Vpon the earth and in the face
of heauen or starrie skie,
Strait way both fish & foule was ma
in kind to multiplie.
15 God* blessed both & bad them g
the fish the sea to fill:
And feathered foule vpon the earth
their kind increasing still.

*hat is, God
aue them po
er to increse.
en. 8, 12.*

The worke of the Sixt Day.

Now let ye earth bring forth said Go
each liuing thing by kind:
As cattel, beasts, & worm that creep
his power the same assign'd.
17 Thus whē God saw his handy wo
was good and pleasd him well:
Let vs make man like vs, said he,
the rest of all t'xcell:
18 To haue the rule of fish and foule
of cattell and the earth:
And euery creeping thing on grou
that liues and draweth breath.
19 And in the image of himselfe,
did* God create him than,
Both male and female form'd he th
but first he made the man.

*The creatiō
Adam, in
n field of
mascō,
o the same
y he was
ught into
adise sin-*

20 A

20 And * bleſſed them the earth to fil, their ſex ſtill to renew:
And gaue them power vpon the earth the ſame for to ſubdue.
21 And ſaid, behold I haue you * giuē of euery hearbe to eate,
And euery tree wherein is fruit, likewiſe to be your meat.
22 Alſo to euerie beaſt on earth, and euery bird that flies: (haue
And creeping worme green herb ſhal to feed vpon likewiſe.
23 Al what he ſaid ſo came to paſſe, and he the ſame did ſee;
Each kind of thing that he had made, was good ſo for to be.

ned, and the ſam day after mid day he was thruſt out.

* Method. b The propagation of man is the bleſſing of God. Gen. 8. 20. 9.

* Gods great liberalitie to man taketh away al excuſes of mans ingratitude.

The

The hallowing of the sabboth day,
The fower flouds of Paradise gay:
How in the same man had his seate,
The tree forbidden him to eate,
How Adam named Creatures al,
How Eue was made that first did fall:
And how that mariage did begin,
Betweene them twa ne yer they did sin.

THus was the heauens, ye earth, ye se
and creatures all therein
In six daies made, and in the seuenth
did God our God begin,
2 To * rest from all his labours done
and sanctified the same:
To be a day of rest to man,
therein to praise his name.
3 God made eth plant in field ye grot
before in earth it was,
And euery herbe before it grew,
and euery other grasse.
4 And thus before that any raine
vpon the earth was found,
Or any man to haue in vse
the tillage of the groud.
5 A mightie mist ascended vp,
from off the earth, and so
Bewatered the face of all
the earth and ground below.

That is the sun, the moon the stars, & planets.
The seuenth day did God rest shew vs mercy.
That he gaue to man to beast that day rest, wher the day be fore they were ordained to perpetual tra ... for the sin of Adam the which mercie was the fulfil ing and per ... of all his works tif

6 The man that of the earth was made
a liuing ſoule became,
By breath of life that God did breath,
in noſtrils of the man.
7 And from the firſt god planted had,
a garden faire to ſee:
Wherein he ſet this man he made,
the keeper for to be.
8 And frō ỹ earth god made to ſpring
all fruitfull trees ſo plac't,
As both might well the eie delight,
and pleaſe the mouth in taſt.
9 Two trees amid this garden grew,
by power of ſacred skill:
The one of life, the other was
of knowledge good & ill.
10 From Eden went a riuer forth,
to moiſt this garden than:
Which afterward deuided was,
and in foure heads became.
11 And Piſhon is the firſt of foure,
which round about doth go,
The golden land of Hauilah,
where th'Onix ſtone doth gro.
12 The ſecond head is Gihon calde,
which compaſſeth throughout
The land of Ethyopia,
with water round about.

God had not ended his work in mercy the 7. day & abated his hard iudgement against mankind for Adams ſin, his work had not bin complet ne perfit, inſomuch as the principe creature for whō he made all things was loſt: for where the final cauſe of any thing faileth, the worke is not complete ne perfit.

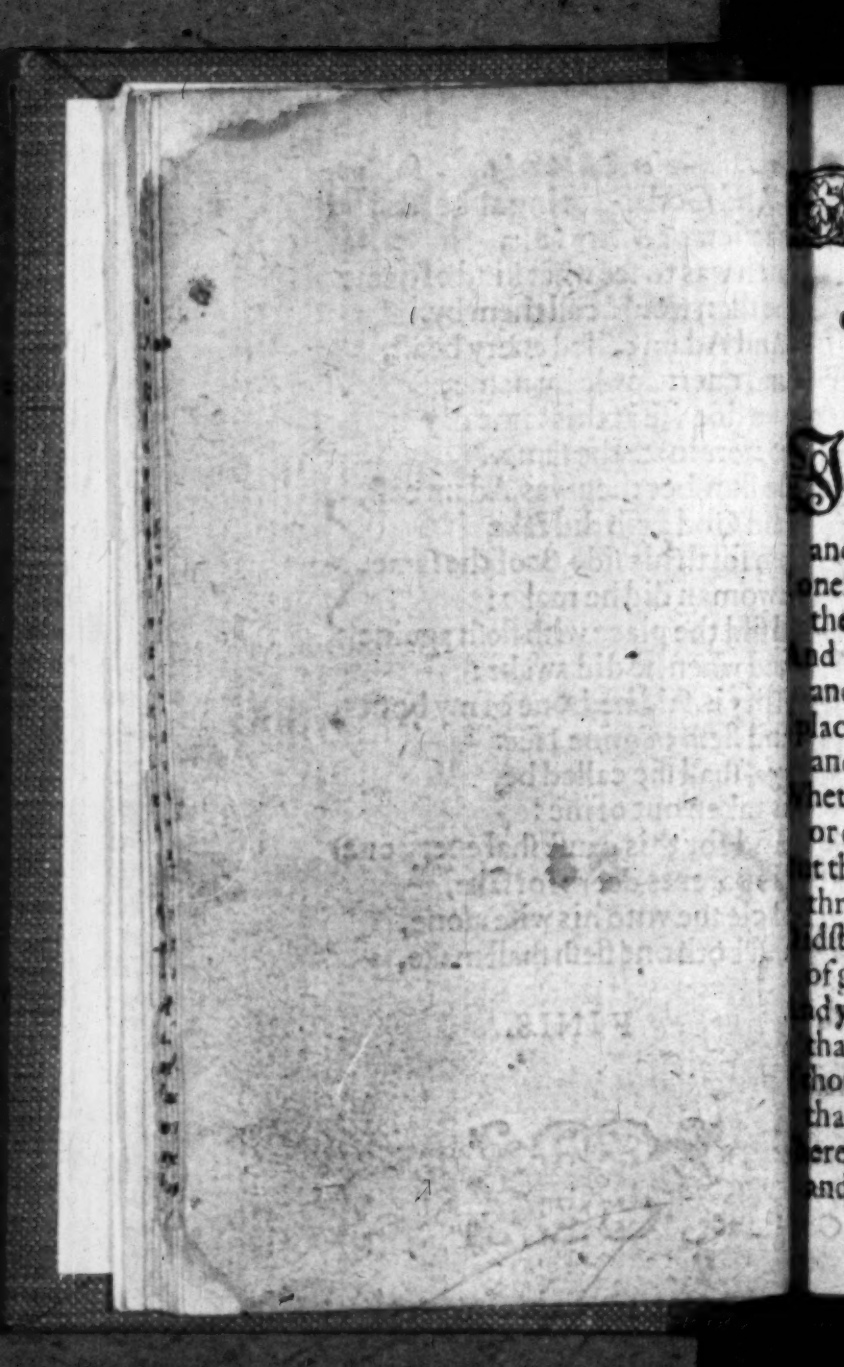
The

13 The third is named Hidekell,
that passeth downe along
The east side of Assyria,
with mightie streame and strong.
14 And Euphrates the fourth is cald
which fruitfulnesse doth shew,
And in the same doth many gems,
and pretious stones forth grow.
15 Almighty God this Adam tooke
and in this garden set:
The same to dresse, the same to keep
and of the fruit to eate.
16 Of euery tree that therein was,
God bade him eate his fill,
Except the tree that's in the midst,
of knowledge good and ill.
17 God said, ỳ day thou eat'st thereof
thou for the same shalt die:
Therefore see that thou touch it not
the tast thereof to try.
18 It is not good (said God) that man
should be alone I see:
I will an helper make to him,
companion his to be.
19 Out of ỳ ground did god thē make
each beast vpon the earth,
And euery foule in th'ayre that flies
and all that draweth breath.

20 An

foules,
And God did bring al beasts and
to view of Adams eie,
Which was to see what kind of name
he then would call them by.
And Adam called euery beast,
and euery fowle by name,
As we doe vse at this same day
to nominate the same.
In slumber then was Adam cast,
and God a rib did take
From forth his side, & of the same
a woman did he make:
And fild the place with flesh againe
and when he did awake:
This is said he, bone of my bones,
and flesh of mine I see:
Virago, shall she called be,
as taken out of me:
And for this cause shal euery one
his parents deere forsake,
And cleaue vnto his wife alone,
and both one flesh shall make.

FINIS.



Adams baniſhment.

The perſon of God.

I Am, and wil be, as I was,
before the world was wrought:
I made the heauens, the earth &
and all therein of naught. (ſea,
onely for thy vſe (O man)
theſe mighty works did frame,
nd made thee Lord, and gouernor,
and ruler of the ſame.
lac't thee here in Paradiſe,
and gaue thee will to chuſe,
hether my word thou wouldſt obay
or elſe the ſame refuſe.
t thou vnkind, and moſt vnkind,
through infidelitie,
idſt taſt the fruit I thee forbad,
of good, and euill to be.
d yet by death I threatned thee,
that thou therefore ſhouldſt die,
hou preſumdſt the fruit to eate,
that I did thee deny.
ere didſt thou ſhew thy vnbeleefe,
nd thoughtſt my wordes vntrue:

And

And thereupon did pride ariſe,
and foule ambition grew.
Ingratefull waſt thou found thee
for that thou couetdſt more
then I thee gaue: yet for the ſam
not thankfull waſt therefore.
Doſt thou the ſon of ſlime and ear
thinke it a thing but ſmall,
To make thee like vnto our ſelfe?
but wouldſt thou therewithall,
Be like to vs in Deitie,
to know what we doo know?
This mou'd our wrath frō heauen
our angels down to throw. (bo

The perſon of Adam.

O Lord giue earth and aſhes lea
with feare to ſpeak to thee:
Thou knewſt before that I ſhould
yer time was knowne to be.
And yer the angels kind were mad
thou knewſt the fall of man:
And of all things didſt ſee the end,
yer thou the ſame began.
Thou mightſt ỹ ſame preuēted ha
if ſo had beene thy will:
And I in great felicitie,
might haue continued ſtill.

GOD.

Was my foreknowledge then ẏ cauſe
of this thy wilfull fall?
Or dar'ſt thou yet ſo proudly thinke,
as me the cauſer call?
Thou art thy ſelfe both fault & cauſe.
and thou the ſame ſhalt find,
To be thy diſobedience,
and proud aſpiring mind.
Thou hadſt my law for to obſerue,
which law if thou hadſt kept:
There had bin no tranſgreſsiō made
nor ſinne in thee had crept.
Moſt true it is, I ſee the end
of euery thing I make,
Before it was: as prooſe there is,
when I did vndertake,
To faſhion thee, and creatures all,
in heauen and earth that be,
Who then could tell, but I alone,
and other twaine with me?
And where thou ſaiſt, I might thy fal,
haue holpen to the beſt:
I might not with my iuſtice ſtand,
nor with my glorie reſt.
For I am truth, and truth I ſpeake,
and truth ſhall witneſſe be.

That

That thou ſhalt die for eating fruit,
of the forbidden tree.
What canſt thou ſay now for thy ſel
thou ſhould not iudgement haue
And die the death for thine offenſe,
as I thee warning gaue?

Adam.

O Lord my God, I ſory was,
when I my fault did ſee:
And was ſurpriſde with ſhame & fe
for ſo offending thee.
I hid my ſelfe among the trees,
ne durſt I be ſo bold,
Before thy preſence to appeare,
nor yet my ſelfe behold.
Such ſhame and feare had cõpaſt m
about on euery ſide:
I knew not where my ſelfe beſtow,
nor where my ſelfe to hide.
If ſorrow mine, if ſhame and feare,
may not thy fauor win:
Alas, what elſe to thinke or ſpeake,
I know not to begin.

GOD.

SVch ſorrow, fear, & ſhame as thin
but agrauates mine ire:

The

Thou ſhuldſt haue feard before ȳ ſeltſt
the fruit thou didſt deſire.
And yet before thou didſt it touch,
thou hadſt committed ſin:
Becauſe thou couetdſt in thy ſelfe,
more higher to haue bin.
Since in thy will and choiſe it lay,
to leaue or elſe to take,
And ȳ haſt tane thou ſhuldſt haue left,
I muſt for iuſtice ſake,
Giue ſentence on thy ſinfull deed,
as I before haue ſaid.
Haſt thou ought elſe more for to ſay,
why iudgement ſhould be ſtaid?

ADAM.

O Lord my God, what ſhall the pot
vnto the potter ſay?
Thou haſt me mæde of filth and ſlime,
of brittle earth and clay.
And as the potter turnes his wheele,
with lumpe of clay in hand,
Thereof to ſhape a veſſell pure,
before his eie to ſtand:
To th'end that veſſel ſhould be vſde,
with iuice of grapes the beſt,
To thenſe to drink, ſuch thirſt to ſlak,
as bideth in the breſt.

So

So Lord, if that abuſed be,
and filth therein remaine,
Yet can the potter when he pleaſe
the ſame make cleane againe:
And being cleane may be imploy
vnto the potters will,
To eate or drinke in, as ſhall pleaſe
the cunning potters skill.
Yet with all meekeneſſe I confeſſe,
with no leſſe feare I ſpeake,
If pot the potter he miſſlike,
may ſoone in peeces breake.
But if it would the potter pleaſe,
to proue his power withall,
And ſee how weake the veſſell is,
the conqueſt were but ſmal.

GOD.

THe greateſt conqueſt I do ma
my truth is to maintaine,
I am the truth, and onely truth,
for euer to remaine.
The word I ſpeake is verament,
and may not be denide:
As I by truth, and thou by fault,
ſhalt iudged be and tride.
Adam, Adam, hold vp thy hand,
this is thy iudgement day.

Ada

Adam.

O Lord vouchſafe to licence duſt,
a little more to ſay.
Behold how proſtrate I doe lie,
before thy bleſſed face:
Behold my fearefull quiuering hart,
moſt humbly crauing grace.
Behold the ſobs & grecuous grones,
my inward ſoule doth make:
And let not periſh thou haſt made,
for thy great glories ſake.
If needs thou wilt thy iuſtice ſhew,
by iudgement to proceed,
Then let the party made th'offence,
be puniſht for the deed.
It was not I the fruit firſt toucht,
nor pluckt it from the tree,
It was the woman thou me gau'ſt,
my helper for to be.
She pluckt it off, and taſting it,
ſhe gaue it me, and ſaid,
Behold how faire and ſweet it is,
to eate be not afraid,
She firſt did eate, and after, I
did eate thereof alſo.
I craue with all humilitie,
thou wilt no rigor ſhow.

God.

GOD.

And wouldſt thou now thy ſelf excu
and put on hir the blame:
Whereas you both offenders be,
and guilty of the ſame?
When ſhe a rib was in thy ſide,
I gaue the charge to thee,
And bad thee eate of euery fruit,
ſaue onely of that tree.
And now is ſhe bone of thy bone,
and fleſh of thine alſo:
Not fleſhes twaine but both one fle
togither for to go.
So both are guiltie of the crime,
whereof thou art Accuſde:
And ofspring yours ſhall in like fo
thereof not be excuſde.
But woman, why didſt thou this de
your ſelues with death to greeue

WOMAN.

O Lord, the ſerpent me deceiu'd,
whoſe wordes I did beleeue.

GOD.

The Serpent curſed.

THou ſubtill guilfull ſerpent th
becauſe thou thus haſt don:

Th

Thou art accurſt aboue all beaſts
that in the fields doe won.
Vpon thy bellie thou ſhalt go,
and duſt ſhall be thy meat:
And all the daies thou haſt to liue,
no other thing ſhalt eat.
Twixt thee and hir of enmitie,
I will the ſeeds forth ſowe:
As that betweene thy ſeed and hirs
continuall ſtríſe ſhall grow.
The ſeed of hir ſhall cruſh thy head,
and tread in peeces ſmall:
And thou ſhalt tread vpon his heele,
but not preuaile at all.

The Womans Iudgement.

BVt Woman vnto thee I ſay,
thy iudgement ſhall be this:
Becauſe thou haſt intiſed man,
by ſinne to doe amiſſe,
Thy ſorrowes vvill I multiplie,
when thou conceiued art:
And thou thy children ſhalt bring forth,
with dolor, paine, and ſmart:
And vnderneath thy husbands povver,
ſhalt alvvaies ſubiect be,
And he ſhall haue the charge and rule,
and gouernement of thee.

ADam, Adam, hold vp thy hand,
this iudgement ſhalt thou haue,
Becauſe thou haſt tranſgreſt the law
that I vnto thee gaue:
And bent thine eare vnto thy wife,
to harken what ſhe ſaid,
And tane and eaten of the fruit,
that I to thee denaid:
I curſſe the ground euen for thy ſake,
and curſed ſhall it be:
In ſorrow ſhalt thou eate thereof,
while life is lent to thee.
Wild thorne alſo and thiſtleweed,
it ſhall bring forth and yeeld:
And thou ſhalt feed vpon the fruit
that groweth in the field.
With painefull trauel great and ſtrong
with ſweat vpon thy face,
Thy bread ſhalt eate, till thou returne
to earth thy former place:
For of the earth, and from the earth,
thou earth dooſt ſtill remaine:
And from the earth, vnto the earth,
thou earth ſhalt go againe.

TO thinke what pitious mone they (ma
what clamors and what cries,
Su

Such time as God thē both draue foorth
from heauenlie paradiſe:
What wringing hāds, what folding arms
what teares from blubbering eies:
How oft they ſet them downe to weepe,
how oft againe they riſe,
How oft their heauy heads they reare,
and faces to the skies:
How oft each other could embrace,
in lamentable guiſe,
How oft deepe ſighes the hart ſēds forth,
where all the ſorrow lies:
Might vrge vs all from them that ſprang
to waile with them likewiſe.
Againe to thinke how euery beaſt,
and euery fowle withall,
Which heretofore obedient were,
and came at Adams call,
Doo now from Adams preſence flie,
as fearefull of his ſight,
And in the woods and deſarts wilde
doo take their whole delight.
To thinke whereas he was before,
each thing did grow by kind.
Which he as then might take at wil,
to pleaſure of his mind.
The tree of life to be his meat,
by death no time to fall,

And euery creature that was made,
to ſolace him withall.
How he likewiſe deuoid of ſhame,
might children there beget,
And woman to bring forth the ſame,
without all greeſe and let:
Muſt now with painfull trauell ſore,
go dig and delue the earth,
Yer it can yeeld him any food,
wherewith to feed his breath:
To thinke how many hundred yeares,
his trauell did him greeue.
And how each day broght ſorrowes n
the time he had to liue:
Might moue with ruth a marble mind
it ſelfe to mollifie,
But euen to thinke or heare of this,
poore Adams tragedie.

Chriſt his Crib.

WHat fury haunteth vs,
that we ſo much delight,
To ſtād & gaze on monumēts,
of auncient former ſight?
Of pleaſure what find we,
in ſumptuous buildings new:
Such as our anceſtors before,
the like nere ſaw nor knew?
Behold the time is ſuch,
vanitie beareth ſway:
And fancie fond the wit doth rule,
till both come to decay.
For euery priuate man,
a modull takes in hand,
Where wit and will, and wealth do meet,
are many platformes ſcand.
Some coſtly buildings reare,
and pull them downe againe:
And otherſome altar and change,
as fanſie feedes the braine.
And ſome foundation laies,
and yer the worke be done:

Doth take his leaue and goeth his waie,
and leaues it to his ſonne.
The ſonne doth much miſlike
the worke the father wrought,
And yer his fancie can be fed,
conſumes himſelfe to nought.
Of other ſome there be,
hauing of treaſure ſtore:
Which when a worke they finiſht haue,
yet ſtill deuiſeth more.
What pleaſure now haue ſuch,
in lieu of coſt and paine,
For only but to feed the eie,
is vanitie moſt vaine.
But if you faine would ſee,
a monument indeed:
Then goe with me, and run apace,
the better ſhall we ſpeed.
I will you ſhew a ſight,
more worth to view and ſee:
Then all the buildings on the earth,
what euer ſo they be.
And ſuch a ſight it is,
as all the fathers old:
And anceſtors before their time,
the like did nere behold.
And all that liue this day,
and on the earth remaine:

Nor any after age that comes,
shall see the same againe.
Behold loe here it is,
a Cabin poore God knowes:
Beerent and torne, a rustie thing,
vnfurnished with showes,
Of outward sight to see,
a simple thatched cot:
Where sleet & snow, and raine driues in,
a ruynde place God wot.
And yet within the same,
a blessed babe doth lie:
Which yeeldeth forth as infants doe,
many a tender crie.
This babe, euen at whose becke,
the thunder makes to quake:
The earth beneath in trembling sort,
and lofty skie to shake.
Euen here this infant doth
(being a mightie prince:
And soueraigne ruler of the world,
that shall his foes conuince)
Sucke milke from tender breast,
of blessed Mary sure:
Being his mother and a wife,
and yet a virgine pure.
I am no whit afraid,
comparison to make:

This homelie Cabin to prefer,
for this ſweet Babies ſake,
Before the buildings great
of ſtately Temples all,
And ſumptuous courts and palaces,
of princes great and ſmall.
This ſtable dooth ſurmount,
the coſtly Temple wrought,
With curious worke by Salomon,
which (as of right it ought)
Muſt yeeld and baſe it ſelfe,
and ſtoope this place vnto,
In which was borne the ſonne of God,
as was his will to doe.
So muſt that glorious court,
of that high potentat,
King Creſus he of Lydia,
ſtand backe to this eſtate.
And let the Capitols
that dedicated were,
In olde time paſt with Idols theirs,
Vnto Dan Iupiter.
Which though they garniſht were
moſt magnificentlie:
With fine and curious workmanſhip,
of marble imag'rie:
Now yeeld this ſtable to,
as ſubiects bond and thrall,

As no whit to compared be,
to this in ought at all.
Let Lady Rome ſtrike ſaile,
and vnder hatches go,
With ſtately turrets of defenſe,
hir wals and gates alſo.
And let hir capitoll,
with glaſſe and gold araide:
And temple Olauitrium
now ſhake and be afraid.
And let hir houſe of gold,
bedeckt with pretious ſtone,
Giue place with all humility,
to this poore cot alone.
For now is falne to ground,
the Image made of gold:
In likeneſſe to king Romulus,
which ſhould together hold,
And ſtand for euermore,
vntill ſuch time a child
Should forth proceed and ſo be borne,
of virgin meeke and mild.
The image made of braſſe,
in womans portraiture:
So high, ſo great, and hugie was,
for euer to endure.
Which now is likewiſe falne,
euen at the artiſman ſaid:

Yet stil shall stand vntill a child
proceedeth from a maide.
ALl Haile most royall house,
possessor of all grace:
That was so highly dignifide,
to be the only place
Of such an holy birth,
whereby thou art to see,
More happy then the heauen it selfe
by this Natiuitie.
And neither may this cot
be thought a whit the lesse,
Meet to receiue the Sauiour
of all our trespasses.
For that the walles thereof,
were broken or berent:
Subiect to wind and weather such,
as stormes and tempest sent.
Neither for that it was
without all furniture:
As sheetes and other needfull things,
as dayly be in vre.
Hauing but only this,
which there by chance they found,
Of stie bole rough, and thistle hay,
that lay vpon the ground.
And notwithstanding this,
as you haue heard beforne:

Did yet receiue this little babe,
so soone as it was borne.
For such an homely crib,
and stable poore and thin,
Did well become our sauiour Christ,
for to be borne therein.
As he that to the world,
came hyther purposely:
To giue example vnto vs,
of great humilitie.
And to condemne dame pride,
and thrust hir vnder foot:
Which is of sinne and vices all,
both branches, tree, and root.
In this poore thatched house,
here is no rich aray:
As hangings faire of purple hue,
nor cloth of arras gaie.
In this poore silly cot,
there is no stuffe at all,
No chamber great, nor parlor smal,
no kitchen, ne no hall.
Within this homely cell,
there was not to be seene,
Of any fuell, wood or cole,
a fier for to teene.
There is not in this cooch,
expected for to see,

Of delicates and iunkets fine,
nor daintie cheere to be.
Within this cabin poore,
yee shall not here behold,
Great troopes of men for to attend,
in siluer, silke, ne gold.
Nor yet the childwife lie,
in soft and stately bed:
With quilts of silke to keepe hir warme
nor pillow for hir hed.
No, no, but here doth lie,
in manger hard and cold:
An amiable infant sweet,
more sweet than may be told.
Bewrapt and lapt in clouts,
both poore and bare God wot,
And swathed in such swathing clothes
as then there might be got.
And though that he now borne,
in homely sort thus laie,
Yet was his diuine maiestie
declared that same day.
For to the Shepheards came,
that watcht their flocks by night,
The angell of the most high God,
shining with beames so bright,
As made them so afraid,
they stood in doubtfull stay,

Vnt

Vntill the angell of the Lord,
thus wise to them could say:
Feare not, behold, I bring
to you such gladsome newes,
As all the world shall ioy thereat,
Leaue off therefore to muse.
For vnto you this day
a sauiour Christ is borne:
You shall him finde in manger laid,
the walles berent and torne.
Forthwith with th'angell was
a maru'lous multitude
Of heauenly souldiors praising God,
in this sort to conclude:
Glorie to God on high,
and peace on earth below,
And vnto men reioysing great,
that this beleeue and shew.
After came to passe,
when th'angels went awaie,
Vp into heauen from whense they came,
the shepheards then did say:
Let vs to Bethleem go,
these tidinges to behold,
And so went out, and when they came,
they found as th'angell told:
The babe in manger laid,
and Ioseph that good man,

Was

Was hard him by who proſtrately,
this worke of God to ſcan:
Gan with a lowlie hart
and humble ſpirit moſt mild,
Fal on his knees, and worſhipped
his new borne ſoſter child.
The ſhepheards ſeeing this,
did publiſh vnto all,
What th'angell ſaid, and they had ſe
each thing as did befall:
And backe againe they went,
and praiſed God on hie,
That they had ſeene the ſonne of Go
in manger thus to lie.
Then with their warbling pipes,
they wont to play vpon,
Before their ſeuerall flockes of ſhee
togither as they gone.
Do chaunt it now aloſt
with ſound of ſhepheards laie,
And thus with ioy ſolemniſe they,
this bleſſed babes birth-day.
The virgine ſo likewiſe,
that Ieſus mother was,
Which firſt was brought into a muſe
how it might come to paſſe:
That ſhe a child ſhould beare,
and knew no man at all:

now agnize the worke of God.
and let hir eie downe fall
on hir little babe
which God to hir had sent,
be hir sauiour, and of all
who euer doe repent.
then she tooke hir babe,
and dandled it a while:
other while she gaue it sucke,
his crying to beguile.
many kisse it gaue
as it lay in hir arme:
thē with clothes, such as they were,
belapt it well and warme.
while the breast she giues,
the quieter to keepe:
other while she lulleth it,
and husheth it asleepe.
thus in most sweet guise,
and amiable sort:
time they passe with mirth and ioy,
and many another sport.

And that
where h
Where m
do cree
Is for my
ordein
Yer world
or ough
Sith I am
and all
Then tell
from m
And seek
these t
So fond a
so seeb

The loſt Sheepe.

SIth that the heauen of heauens
where God and angels be,
Is made the ſeate wheron I ſit,
by mightyeſt power decree:
And that the Earth beneath,
where hearbe and graſſe doth growe,
Where men and beaſts and liuing things
do creepe thereon and goe:
Is for my foot the ſtoole,
ordeined long before,
Yer world was wrought, or angell made,
or ought elſe leſſe or more.
Sith I am Lord thereof,
and all theſe thinges be mine,
Then tell me man what moueth thee,
from me thus to decline?
And ſeekeſt other waies,
theſe things for to obtaine:
So fond and frantike is thy wit,
ſo feeble is thy braine,

Which

Which way thou car'ſt not how,
rather than come to me:
Being the well and fountaine ſpring,
of all good things that be.
I alſo readie am,
on thee for to beſtow,
Each good that is, if thou but aske,
I muſt my kindneſſe ſhow.
Such is my loue to thee,
not changeable, but ſure,
I loued thee before thou waſt,
which loue ſhall ſtil endure.
When thou a ſinner wert,
and wickedneſſe didſt vſe,
To giue my bloud and life for thee,
the ſame did not refuſe.
Thou art now iuſtifide,
by ſhedding of my bloud,
And reconciled by my death:
wherein thou art made good.
For I that knew not ſin,
was yet made ſinne for thee:
That thou mightſt be the righteouſne
of th'onlie God in mee.
And I doe thee aſſure,
it did me greatlie pleaſe,
To beare thy ſin and wickednes,
thy weakenes and diſeaſe.

hou but truſt in me,
nd ſtedfaſtlie beleeue:
ere ſhal no torment, paine, or ſmart,
for any ſinne thee greeue.
through my ſpecial grace,
and mercies great in ſtore,
promiſe thee I will henceforth,
thinke on thy ſinne no more.
in the deepe alow,
and bottome of the Sea,
aue all thine iniquities,
for euer throwne awaie.
hy dooſt thou toile and moile,
nd after ſhadowes run?
nd ſhun'ſt the waie that leads to me,
which am Gods onlie ſonne?
m the giuer ſure,
of true felicitie:
nd yet for it be very few,
that ſeeketh vnto me.
autie allureth much,
and rauiſheth the mind:
nd drawes vnto it flockes of men,
that louing ſeeme and kind.
nd lo, behold and view,
nothing more faire to ſee
an I, and yet not one there is,
will be in loue with me.

In

In honourable ſtiles,
doe many take delight,
And of ancient nobilitie,
doe claime deſcents by right.
And yet nothing there is,
of ancient high degree,
In title, ſtile, or chiefe deſcent,
that goeth before me.
For while I am the ſonne
of God moſt glorious,
And mother mine a virgine was,
and my name is Ieſus.
Which name was giuen to me,
not vnaduiſedly:
Nor at aduenture, and by chance,
as names are commonly.
Nor was it giuen by man,
but by an angel ſent
To tell of my Natiuitie,
the purpoſe and intent.
And vnder heauen there is
none other name but this:
Giuen vnto men their ſoules to ſaue
from all their treſpaſſes.
How hapneth it therefore,
that ſcarſely on the ground,
Can any one that willing is
to ioyne with me be found.

this ſocietie
which I ſo much deſire:
's not for me, but for your good,
that I the ſame require.
am the Monarch cheefe,
of heauen, of earth, & all,
Why then are you ſo loth and ſhamde,
to come when I you call?
am moſt rich indeed,
and ready for to giue
Both great and many benefites,
to all in faith that liue.
I greatly doe deſire,
and very faine would haue
Petitions made, that I might giue,
to ſuch as on me craue.
But now alas behold,
not one that vnderſtands
How for to aske nor come to me,
to craue ought at my hands.
am the wiſedome cal'd,
of God my father deare:
And ſo I am in very deed,
and yet for loue ne feare,
Will any mortall wight,
vouchſafe to ſeeke me out,
To aske me counſell of that thing
whereof he is in doubt,

I am

I am the brightneſſe great,
of fathers glorie mine,
And of his heauenlie maieſty,
the image moſt diuine.
And yet no man thereby,
of what eſtate or gree,
The more to honour mooued is,
nor yet to reuerence me.
I am a pleaſant friend,
a truſtie friend alſo,
To him that willing is to be
my friend, and with me go.
I doe beſtow my wealth,
my riches and my ſtore,
On them I loue with willing mind,
what can be asked more?
And yet none goes about
to enter in with me:
To this ſweet amiable league,
of friendſhips high degree.
I am the only waie,
that vnto heauen doth lead,
And yet but very few there be,
that vſe my pathes to tread.
Why doe the ignorant
beſotted people blind,
Not truſt in me, ſeeing I am
the only truth to find?

y then dooſt thou refuſe,
my promiſe to beleeue:
one is ſo faithfull as I am,
and none may more thee greeue.
nd ſithe I am of life
he author, and of breath:
hat meane you then, by leauing me,
to follow after death.
am your only light,
no darkeneſſe is in me:
d yet will wilfull fooliſh men,
in darkeneſſe rather be.
am the perfect rule
of liuing righteouſlie,
y then dooſt thou ſeek other formes,
o ſquare thy life thereby?
nely am alone,
he pleaſure ſweet and true,
thout all gall or bitterneſſe,
reiected yet of you.
am the peace of mind,
nd comforter likewiſe,
ll afflicted conſciences,
hen ſtormie troubles riſe.
y then doe not theſe men
hat vexed be in mind,
me vnto me for their releeſe,
hich they are ſure to find?

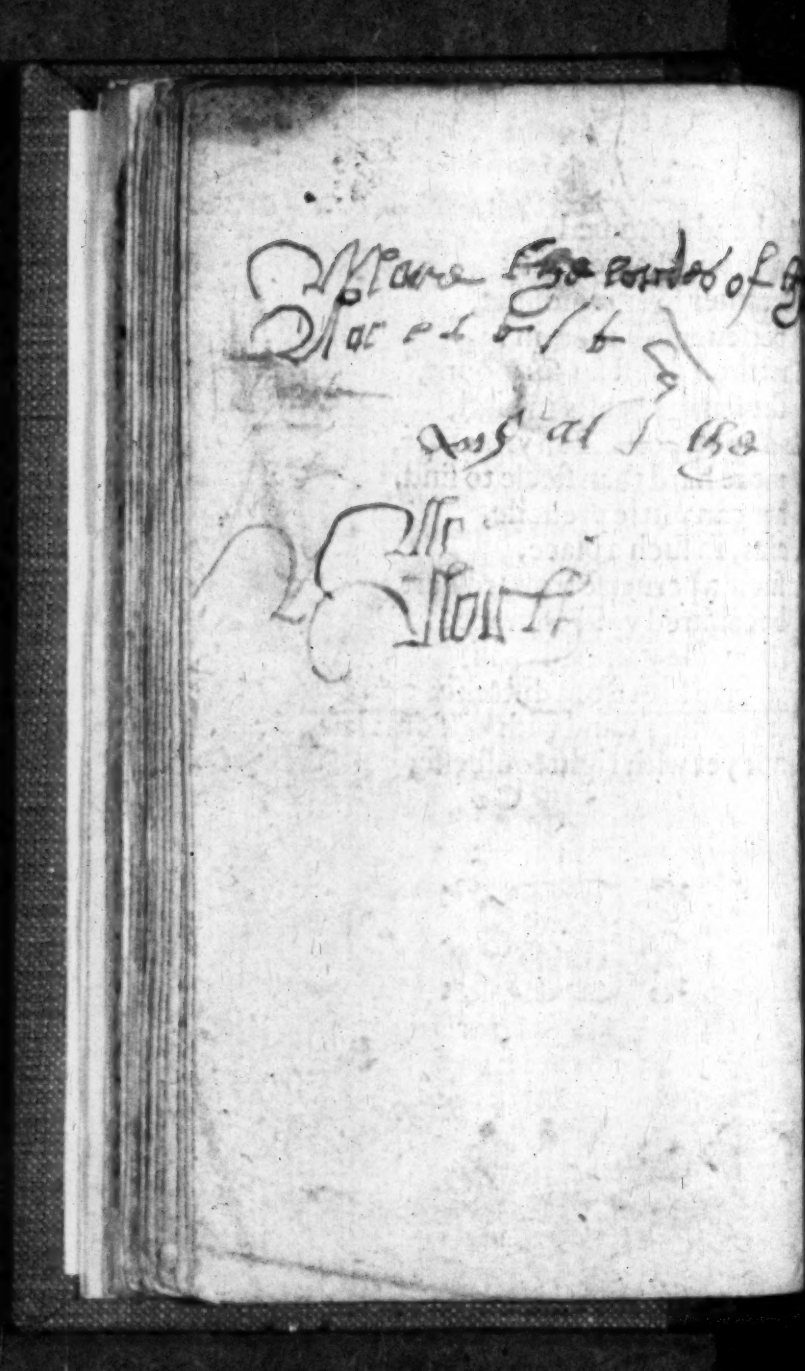
If

If Lyons wilde and dumbe,
themſelues can thankefull ſhow
To ſuch as any benefite
vpon them did beſtow.
Or if the Dragons fierce,
haue gratefull learn'd to bee,
Or maſtiſe curs their maſters know
and fawne when they him ſee.
If Eagles loue returne
to ſuch as keepe them well:
And Dolphins likewiſe kindneſſe
as you your ſelues can tell:
If other beaſtes likewiſe,
depri'ud of reaſons ſence,
Can to their benefactors vſe
both loue and reuerence:
Why wilt thou then (ô Man)
thy ſelfe ſet forth to be,
More brutiſh than the ſauage beaſt
denying loue to me?
Seeing that to thy vſe,
and onely for thy ſake,
All things that be, yea thou thy ſelf
of nothing did I make.
And with my precious bloud,
redeemed thee haue I,
From ſin, from death, from hell &c
and that moſt willingly.

And if the oxe doth know,
his owner that him fed,
The aſſe likewiſe his maiſters crib,
that ſtandeth him in ſtead:
Why dooſt not thou vnkind,
and churliſh man to mee,
Acknowledge me to be the ſame,
that hath redeemed thee?
I am alone to thee,
all things that thou would haue:
And I alone will furniſh thee,
with all things thou canſt craue.
Why runneſt thou about,
gadding from place to place,
To ſeeke elſewhere thy benefit,
diſtruſting of my grace?
Why buſieſt thou thy ſelfe,
in many needleſſe waies,
And dooſt frequent the companie,
of skornefull wicked ſtraies?
As I am mercifull,
ſo eaſie to intreat:
Thou wretched man ſeeke vnto me,
deſpaire not though I threat.
Yea ſith I am the iuſt
reuenger of thy ſin:
Why therefore art thou not afraid,
me to offend therein?

I can euen with a becke,
caſt downe thy ſoule to hell,
And yet my iudgements feareſt not,
nor all the threats I tell.
Wherefore thou fooliſh man,
if thou ſo wilfull be,
Headlong to run vnto thy death,
by thy forſaking me:
Blame but thy ſelfe therefore,
and blame not me at all,
For thou thy ſelfe the author art,
of thy decaie and fall.
For what can I doe more?
ſeeing th'exceſsiue loue,
That I thee bare with tender care,
can no whit thee remoue.
O flintie harted man,
with rockie ſtonie breſt:
Which cannot be with loue reclaim'd,
nor mercies mine expreſt.
Nor will perſwaded be,
with ſuch an hope aſſur'd,
Of heauenly ioyes and riches great,
ready for thee procur'd:
Nor can awaked be,
with promiſes diuine:
Nor any whit be terrifide,
with ſeuere ſentence mine:

Nor be admoniſhed,
with any ſhame of ſin:
But rather ſo egregiouſlie,
perſeuer ſtill therein:
That thou dooſt far ſurmount,
the ſauage beaſts in kind,
And dooſt poſſeſſe an yron hart,
more hard than ſteele to find.
What can pittie preuaile,
alas, in ſuch a place,
In ſuch a peruerſe froward hart,
becankred void of grace?
To ſaue one gainſt his will,
and rid him from diſtreſſe,
Doth neither ſtand with wiſdoms law,
nor yet with righteouſneſſe.



The complaint of Old Age.

IN ſearch of ſecret ſuch,
as is beneath the ſunne: find)
Each thing by kind his courſe doth
by natures skill to run.
We ſee the ſtricken deere,
hath caught a bleeding wound:
And yet by eating of an herbe,
becommeth whole and ſound.
The hound a hurt receiues,
that greeueth him with paine
By onely licking with his toong,
himſelfe doth heale againe.
And if he ſicklie be,
with inward greefe or ſore:
He eateth graſſe himſelfe to purge,
which doth his health reſtore.
The merlings and wood doues,
the Partridges and Iayes:
Do purge their ſuperfluitie,
with onely hearbe of Bayes.
The Pigeon and the Hen,
the Turtle Doue alſo:
Themſelues doth cure with pellitor,

that on the wall doth grow.
The wild and ſauage Bore,
by eating Cedrie,
Do helpe themſelues, and ſo doe beare:
with hearbe Mandragora.
The lothſome Snake with age,
both feeble is & blind:
Who ſlowlie ſlides from place to place,
ſome narrow ſtraight to find,
Through which he ſtraines himſelfe,
thereby his skin to caſt:
And ſo new health with ſtrength & ſight
he purchaſeth at laſt:
The Lizard in his age,
doth change and caſt his skin:
And ſits ope eyed againſt the Eaſt,
the ſun may enter in:
The heat whereof doth dry,
the humour of his eyes:
By which his ſight againe he takes,
in corner where he lies.
The Eagle being weake,
much greeuous mone doth make:
Becauſe his bill is growne ſo long
he can no ſuſt'nance take:
Yet nature hath him taught,
ſome rocke or ſtone to find,
Againſt the which his bill beats off,
and ſo gets health by kind.

When

When as the Pellican
behols hir birds late ſlaine:
By poiſon that the Serpent ſhed,
tormented is with paine.
And then doth with hir bill,
hir tender breaſt berent:
And ſo hir birds reuiue againe,
by bloud vpon them ſprent.
The Lapwing being old,
to ſee nor flie ſhe may,
Vntill hir birds ſuch feathers plucke
as cauſeth hir decaie:
And then with iuice of hearbs,
hir eies doe rid from paine,
And hide hir vnderneath their winges,
till ſhe be whole againe.
The Swallow in like ſort
perceiues hir yonglings eies
To be depriued of their ſight,
foorth from the neaſt ſhe flies,
And findeth out an hearbe
that Celedoni hight,
And doth returne, and with the ſame
reſtores to them their ſight,
Thus doe we ſee and know,
that nature beareth ſwaie,
In creatures ſuch as reaſon wants,
to helpe them what ſhe may.

BVt now to you my friends,
that Phyſicke doe profeſſe:
Which by your skill and learning gre
doe many greefes redreſſe.
And with the ſame we know,
you often bring to paſſe,
Sweet health againe for to reſtore,
where dangerous ſickneſſe was.
Of health to write the praiſe,
I wiſh he could that can:
Health is one of the goodlyeſt giftes,
that God hath lent to man.
Health liſteth vp the mind,
and makes the body light:
Health doth bedew the face with blou
that freſh is to the ſight.
Health makes the ſinewes ſtrong,
more trauell to endure:
And health vnto the man that's wiſe,
great comfort doth procure.
What profit health doth bring
to thoſe that ſtudents be:
No toong can tel, but ſuch as ſucke,
the Nectar from the tree.
By health the husbandman
both tils and ſowes the land:
Without the which no prince may ſay,
he able is to ſtand.

A

And euery man beſides,
that liues in common wealth,
As ſome by skil, and ſome by ſtrength,
through power of noble health,
The ſame likewiſe ſupports,
in order as they ought:
And but for health all gouernments
to ruine come and naught.
If health be done away,
then life is worſe than death,
For death makes end of ſorrowes all,
by ſtopping of the breath.
Of earthly treaſures all,
health is to be preferd
Before all thinges that eie hath ſeene,
or eare hath euer heard.

A Queſtion would I aske,
thereby not to offend:
What is the cauſe that phyſicks art,
cannot old age defend?
By cunning and by skill,
great cures ye doo each day:
But age will not remoued be,
nor yet kept at a ſtay.
No phyſicks art ne drug,
nor potion can ye make:
Can force old age for to exchange,
the place that he doth take.

Age ſtealeth on vs ſo,
yer ye can doo vs good:
That ſuddenly it quailes the ſtrength,
and dooth foreſtall the blood.
Whereby the humour freſh
is brought vnto decay:
And gallant vigor of the mind,
is forſt to flie awaie.
And looke what luſtie age,
in yoonger yeares brought forth,
The ſame old age hath cleane defac't,
and made it nothing worth.
A thouſand maladies
vpon old age depend:
Which peecemeale wiſe away do pluck
what fragrant youth did ſend.
Beautie is worne awaie,
freſh bloud is turn'd to blacke:
Wit is made dull, the memorie loſt,
and liuelineſſe dooth lacke.
Age makes our ſleepes vnſure,
our eieſight for to faile:
Our courage and actiuitie,
our ſtrength and all to quaile.
The vitall heat is cold,
delights are driuen to ſhore:
Nouriſhing iuice and breathing ſweet,
are gone for euermore.
All merriments and ſports,

Con

conceits, elſe what ye will:
And to be ſhort, man from himſelfe
age takes and waſteth ſtill.
Age leaueth vnto man
only of man the name:
For what man was in times forepaſt,
now nothing like the ſame.
Then tell me this I pray,
whether it may be cald
Old age: or rather liuing death,
that thus mans life hath thrald?

O Who is he can tell
the thing that dealeth thus:
That with ſuch poſting ſpeed can ſteale,
our chiefeſt time from vs?
And that ſo haſtilie,
can taint our golden yeares:
With groning greefes and great annoy,
prouoking bitter teares?
What dealing may this be,
it is vnegall ſure,
That flouring age ſo ſoone ſhould end,
no longer to endure?
And that before we know,
the goodnes of the thing:
They ready are vs to forſake,
by flight of ſpeedy wing.

And

And ſooner than we knew
or felt the life we craue:
We are forbidden by and by,
a longer life to haue.
Yet beaſts of ſundry kindes,
and fowles aloft that flie,
Aboue two hundred yeares doe liue,
before that they doo die.
The ſtag, the bucke, the Rauen,
the Elephant alſo,
So long doe liue in luſtie plight,
and healthfullie doe ſhew.
But man, alas poore man,
before that he may clime
To fifty yeares, his bodily ſtrength,
doth very much decline.
And if that he may reach
to threeſcore yeares or more:
His waining wit and memorie
is weaker than before.
The Thebans held a law,
who threeſcore yeares did liue:
If after that he then fell ſicke,
none might him phyſicke giue.
That age obtainde, ſay they,
himſelfe ought not to bend,
Longer to liue, but haſten forth,
vnto his iournies end.
Experience dooth confirme,

and proueth this too true:
That lately ſuch as luſtie were,
in valor, ſtrength, and hue,
Are now through age become,
all crooked to behold:
Their heads with white beſpeckled are,
their heat is turnde to cold.
The froſt their beards hath caught,
which maketh them to thinke,
How that the ſpring of their greene age,
is paſt and ſtill doth ſhrinke.

O Flitting youth adieu,
age makes all things decline:
O too too ſhort a fading floure,
of tranſitorie time:
Which by no waie nor art,
can be repair'd againe:
The winter cold the heat hath nipt,
and ranſackt euerie vaine.
O greene and ſprouting yeares,
o gallant youth that's paſt:
What ſweet and pleaſant merry daies,
were ſpent while you did laſt?
O happy time of life,
how ſlily doth it paſſe:
And ſteales away making exchange
for pureſt gold but braſſe.
How cloſely is it gone,

And

and not perceiu'd at all:
And glides away as doe the ſtreames,
which downe a riuer fall?
More ſwift it may be ſaid,
than emptie clouds that flie
By force of winds that toſſe them roun
in compaſſe of the skie.
Like dreames that paſſe awaie,
within our ſleepes we ſee:
When we awake nothing there is,
of that we dreamt to bee.
The ſweet and fragrant roſe,
now delicate in ſight:
Within ſhort time all withered is,
and turnd as daie to night.
And ſo likewiſe of man,
from child to man doth grow:
From man againe a childe becoms,
old age will haue it ſo.

WHile that the little boy,
with top and ſcurge gan plai
And while the ſtripling goes to ſchool
his grammer part to ſay.
While thoſe of further yeares,
phyloſophie doe read,
And cull the bloomes of Rhetorike,
and figures finely ſpread.
While they themſelues delight,

in poets fables vaine:
And while they range in arguments,
which Logicke can maintaine.
While they the time imploie,
to publish matters small:
Though of no weight) by eloquence
to shew their skill withall.
While like the bee they skip,
from bloome to blossome blowne:
And for their purpose sucke the fruit,
by sundrie authors sowne.
While they disposed so,
by studie to attaine,
The knowledge of the liberall arts,
no labor doe refraine.
And while that without end,
their troubled braines they beat,
To find out euerie facultie,
grafted in science seat.
While they the Greeke translate,
in Latine for to goe:
And Latine into Greeke likewise,
their cunning forth to shew.
While forren toongs they seeke,
their knowledge to maintaine:
And feare not to transfret the seas,
and Alpes to clime with paine.
While they themselues acquaint,

With

with countries that be ſtrange,
With forré courts, with things vnkn
and other things of change.
While they thus buſie be,
ſtiffe age comes ſtealing in,
And laies his crutch vpon their bac
and dooth the maiſtrie win:
So much that they be driuen,
to maruell and to muſe:
How that their ſtrength ſo ſuddenly,
ſhould them faile or refuſe.
And though the ſame they feele,
yet not perſwaded are:
That luſtie gallant youth of theirs,
ſhould be remoou'd ſo far.

ALas why ſhould we then,
ſo carefullie appeare:
As to conſume our golden age,
with ſearch of trifles here:
As pearles and gems of price,
of gold and ſiluer pure:
Of ſcarlet, ſilke, and cloth of gold,
which may not long endure:
And waſtfully conſume,
and wilfully to ſpend
Our golden yeares in vanities,
and all to no good end?
Againe, if that thoſe things,

which tranſitorie be:
Were loſt or ſtolne or burnt with fire,
there is a meane we ſee.
The ſame may be in time,
recouered againe:
Though as poore as Codrus were,
or Irus did remaine:
Yet hope to be as rich,
as Craſſus heretofore:
Or that thy ſubſtance and thy wealth,
may match with Crœſus ſtore.
But as for creeping age,
when Clotho hath begun:
Vpon hir clew thy thred to wind,
that Lacheſis had ſpun,
Can neuer be reuok't,
againe to be vntwinde:
By no inchantment, charme, or force,
that wit of man can finde.

NOt Circes with hir charme,
nor Mercurie with his rod:
Nor yet Medea with hir drugs,
can ſtay this worke of God.
If Iupiter himſelfe,
thy bellie full would fill,
With Nectar and Ambroſia,
which ſome of learned skil
Haue writ that by ſuch things,

Youth

youth ſtill they might maintaine:
And baniſh old age in exile,
for euer to remaine.
No, no, it will not be,
though that Aurora faire,
Would day by daie thy bodie bath,
with deaw of heauenly aire.
No, though ten thouſand times,
ſweet Venus for to pleaſe,
Thou paine thy ſelfe as Phao did,
to ferry Chyos ſeas.
No, though Chiron himſelfe,
ſhould vnto thee applie,
All ſoueraigne hearbs that ſpring or
on earth beneath the skie.
Nothing there is can ſtop,
the courſe of yeares that ſlide:
Nor keepe them from our weary back
but muſt the ſame abide.
In deed of tales we read,
and fables haue beene told:
How Orpheus and Amphion,
with other poets old,
Haue by their magicke art,
made riuers ſtill to ſtaie:
And to returne vnto thoſe ſprings,
backeward another waie.
Diana ſtopt hir coach,
Phœbus his ſteeds ſo ſtaid:

made his chariot ſtill to ſtand,
liſten what they ſaid.
ll let theſe idle tales
thought vpon no more: (wroght
if they could ſuch things haue
heere is ſaid before:
neuer might they bring,
e age thou once poſſeſt,
keepe thee in the age thou art,
hile life is in thy breaſt.
yet the ſunne goes downe,
d takes his beames awaie:
doth ariſe moſt glorioufſlie,
e next inſuing day.
moone a waining hath,
t afterward a change:
doth receiue hir former light,
d reuolution ſtrange.
er growes yong againe,
s froſtie cold once ſpent:
er turn'd into a ſpring,
at doth vs well content.
et the ſtate of age,
at flits awaie ſo faſt:
when the ſummer time thereof,
once conſum'd and paſt:
that the winter ſharpe,
th horie froſt and cold:
the head and withered face,
with

with ſnow hath taken hold:
No hope is then at all,
for any ſpring to crie,
Nor yet for any Ver to come,
where root and ſtocke is drie.

THere reſteth now but this,
of remedies the beſt:
Which is, that death thoſe euils ſha
and ſet the ſoule at reſt.
We learne for to be wiſe,
too late when youth is gone:
And doe begin to muſe thereof,
when remedie is none.
We then bewaile our life
in vanitie miſpent:
And doo deteſt thoſe wilfull waies,
we did in youth frequent.
We curſe that now in age,
which youth delighted in:
And that which then moſt ſweet did
is now moſt bitter ſin.
The thoughts thereof torment
our guiltie conſcience ſore,
With greefe and paine we doe lamen
our youth abuſde before.
And to our ſelues gan ſaie,
what treaſure haue we ſpilt:
And reapt thereby vnto our ſelues,

but ſorrow, death, and guilt?
our life God knowes is ſhort,
vncertaine of the ſame:
o thinke on time ſo vainlie ſpent,
might make vs bluſh with ſhame.
rom ſleepe let vs awake,
and riſe from ſin at laſt,
igh time it is for to repent,
our former follies paſt.
or youth hath taken horſſe,
and poſteth day by daie,
o cite and ſummon pale face death,
with ſpeed to come away.
eath is the true refuge,
the onely perfect health:
nd dooth deſerue to be embraſt,
before all worldlie wealth.
eath is the thing moſt deare,
the beſt thing to be had:
is a thing that God hath giuen,
herewith to make vs glad.
o man with his eſtate
ontented is we ſee:
e thoſe that lie aſleepe in graue,
ey well contented be.
graue is a ſtrong fort,
herein our ſelues we ſhut,
n the aſſaults of yrkeſome life,
ed broiles of Fortunes cut.

The

The dead we know doo reſt,
as in a hauen of eaſe:
Where thoſe that liue doe ſaile in
of rough and raging ſeas.
Death is vnto the euill,
a whip of ſmarting paine:
And to the good a ſweet reward,
of euerlaſting gaine.

THe common cuſtome is,
to flatter them that liue:
And of the dead reprochfull words
and ill reports to giue.
But ſure the fault is great,
to ſpeake ill of the dead,
Who harme them not but quietlie,
doe reſt within their bed.
As no man is ſo good,
but better might haue beene:
So no man liues that is ſo bad,
but worſſer name might win.
For as there is ſome cauſe,
a man for to diſpraiſe:
So in the ſame ſome vertue dwels
that his renowme might raiſe.
And therefore of the dead,
I wiſh to ſpeake the beſt:
And praiſe the vertues which they
and let their vices reſt.

et vs our courſe direct,
while perfect mind we haue:
and ſet our compaſſe toward Chriſt,
who onely muſt vs ſaue.
et him from henceforth now
our onely ſtudie be,
ur pleaſant muſe, our cheefe delight,
our ioy and libertie.
et vs not care at all,
for worldlie matters vaine:
or for the bodie, ſo the ſoule
with Ieſus Chriſt remaine.
hile ſoule and bodie both,
ſhall at the iudgement daie,
ited be and ſentence heare,
hich Chriſt himſelfe ſhall ſay.
ich grant ô father deare,
or Chriſt his ſake thy ſonne,
e vnto our endleſſe ioy,
life that is to come.

Amen.

FINIS.